The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894. NO. 35

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

To take effect on Saturday, March 31, 1894:

Steamers leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 and 10 a. m. 2.15 and 4 p. m.

Returning, leaves Philadelphia Chestnut St wharf, at 7.30 and 11.15 a. m. 2 and 4.45 p. m.

Sundays, leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 10.30 a. m. and 5 p. m.

Returning, leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 30 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

For Philadelphia, leaves Bristol 8.30 A. M. Returning leaves Arch Street, Philadelphia, 2.30 P. M.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

In effect November 19th, 1893.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.19, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, 9.52, A. M. 12.05, 12.56, 1.17, *3.03, 4.02, *4.58, 5.43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.30, 9.27, 10.33 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9.28, *10.33 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, 8.30, 9.55, *11.14 (Saturday only) A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.14, 4.20, *5.00, 5.25, *6.00, 6.05, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, 7.27, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.40 A. M., 2.20, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M., 3.50, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.00, 4.10, 5.20 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.10, 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—Council meets next Monday night.

—"Mother's Meeting" of the W. C. T. U., will be held next Wednesday.

[illegible] has a plate paper portrait of Dr. C. C. Abbott.

— The Helping Hand Society will give a "Columbian Tea" this evening in the Presbyterian Church lecture room.

— Horace Young and Newell Ayres have taken the agency of the Trenton Steam Laundry Co., and will receive orders at the news depot, next door to the post office.

— List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, April 5th, 1894: Miss Lotie Bigham, Miss Mary Boyle, care of John Pope; Miss Emma Long, John Dagney, C. G. Davis, James H. Hopkins, Wm. Merritt.

—J. K. Wildman, president of Bristol's school board, has donated five annual subscriptions to be Pennsylvania School Journal, to the library of the schools, for the benefit and pleasure of the teachers.

—Next Saturday the Bristol base ball team expect to play the Y. M. C. A., of Trenton, at Trenton. The team will be as follows: Gilkeson, p; Humphries, ss; Mahan, rf; Potts, 3b; McDonell, 2b; Minster, 1b; Vanzant, cf; Hoeding, c; Swain, lf.

—The Bristol base ball nine played a picked team on the base ball grounds last Saturday, and the Bristol team won the game by a score of 9 to 23. Battery for the Bristol team Gilkeson, and Hoeding. The Batteries for the picked team were Cline and Lawson, Snyder and Lawson, and Horace and Edward Swain.

—The GAZETTE has been favored with several copies of the Bristol Review, an amateur paper published by our young friends William B. Rogers, Jr., and Joseph W. Swain, Jr. In addition to the heavy editorial work on the paper, Mr. Rogers contributes to each number several wood cuts, which give evidence that with practice he will make his mark as an engraver. Mr. Swain keeps up his end of the work in good shape, and devotes his energies to local matter and sporting news. The price of the Review is 15 cents a year.

—The following new books have been placed in the Bristol Library this week: "Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter; "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter; "Travels in a Tree-top," by Dr. C. C. Abbott; "A Dog in Flanders," by Ouida; "The Rebel Queen," by Walter Besant; "A Superfluous Woman," "God's Fool," by Maartin Maartins; "To Let," by B. M. Croker; "Girls of a Feather," by Amelia Barr; "Macaria," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson; "Vashti," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson; "Mona Maclean," "Larry," by Amanda Douglass; and "A Ward in Chancery," by Mrs. Alexander.

Organization of Council.

The new Council organized at the Council Chamber last Monday morning at ten o'clock, all the members being present except Dr. W. P. Weaver.

The nomination of officers being ordered, the following were put in nomination:

PRESIDENT,
John C. Maule,
George W. Strauser.

CLERK,
J. Wesley Wright.

TREASURER,
James Wright.

POUND KEEPER,
Charles Saxton.

BOROUGH SURVEYOR,
A. Weir Gilkeson.

BOROUGH ATTORNEYS,
Gilkeson & Wright.

Engle G. Smith was appointed to cast the ballot for persons where there was no contest and the Burgess declared them duly elected to the respective offices to which they were nominated.

There being two candidates for President of Council a vote was taken, resulting in eleven votes for George W. Strauser and three votes for John C. Maule. The Burgess declared that Mr. Strauser was duly elected.

The appointment of a person to take care of the town clock was referred to the incoming Committee on Finance and Public Property.

The fixing of salaries of officers was referred to the same committee.

The Burgess appointed the following persons to serve on the standing committees:

FINANCE—John C. Maule, Chairman; G. W. Strauser and E. G. Smith.

STREETS AND HIGHWAYS—Jos. R. Grundy, Chairman; James Wright and J. H. Kelly.

FIRE PROTECTION—E. M. Wood, Chairman; Robert Clark and William Robinson.

POLICE—Samuel Scott, Chairman; Lewis Spring and J. Robert Pearson.

HEALTH, SANITATION AND POOR—Dr. W. P. Weaver, Chairman; John T. Whitely, R. T. Fetrow and Edward Roche.

John C. Maule moved the appointment of a special committee of three [illegible] posed of the Chairman of the Police Committee and the Chairman of the Committee on Fire Protection, acting in conjunction with the Burgess and the Borough Surveyor, to report at the May meeting, by ordinance or otherwise, such regulations regarding the erection of new buildings and the occupation of the streets made necessary by their erection. Mr. Strauser, as an amendment, moved that the Chairman of the Finance Committee be made the third member of the Committee, which being accepted, the motion was adopted.

Mr. Maule made a few remarks urging members of Council to bury all past differences and to pull together for the good of the borough. The members of Council, he said, were not chosen to represent any particular neighborhood, but were expected to legislate for the good of the whole borough.

The Burgess endorsed Mr. Maule's opinions with a few words of approval and Council then adjourned.

Anniversary of the Baptist Union

A large audience of young people gathered in the Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, to celebrate the second anniversary of the organization of the Baptist Young People's Union. The C. E. Society of the Presbyterian, and the Epworth League of the Methodist Churches were invited, and were well represented by the respective delegations. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir, Scripture and prayer by Rev. Philip S. Sailer, of Tullytown. Roll call by the secretary, Carlton Comfort. Report of the year by Joseph W. Leafe, Vice President of the Union. This report showed the increase of 41 active and 8 associate members during the year. Present membership 107. Five of the associate members were converted and united with the church during the year. Addresses were delivered by Rev. R. B. McDonel. Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, Messrs. W. K. Kripps, of Philadelphia, and were interesting and profitable to all.

After the services in the upper room, the audience repaired to the lecture room where light refreshments were served and a general social time indulged in. At 10.30 all left, expressing themselves well pleased with the occasion.

—A body found in the Delaware river, off Germania Park, Sunday was identified as that of Charles Ganz, who disappeared from the Park on January 12th. Three weeks ago the body of a murdered man was found in a stream near Blackwood, and it was also identified as that of Ganz and was buried as such.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Laura Steel is visiting relatives in Germantown.

Mrs. Frank Masters, of Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Annie Landreth.

Mrs. W. B. Moore and Son, of Gardeau, Pa., are the guests of Mr. Clarence Hutchins.

Dr. C. C. Abbott, the well-known author, has removed from Bristol to his farm near Trenton, N. J.

Rev. Philip S. Sailer, pastor elect of Tullytown Christian Church, will be ordained and installed this evening.

Mrs. Sarah L. Leedom and daughter Miss Ella Leedom have removed from Bristol to Ambler, Montgomery county.

Mrs. Rebecca Mears has returned to Bristol after an absence of several months. A considerable portion of her time was spent at Washington, D. C.

Rev. W. H. Clipman, of the Bristol Baptist Church, will be absent on Sunday preaching in the Blockley Baptist Church of Philadelphia, with a view to the pastorate.

Mr. Joseph Leafe returned to Bristol Tuesday from a trip to Winchester, Va. During his absence he stopped at Washington, and was in the Capitol when the President's veto to the Seinoriage bill was received in the House.

Michael Dougherty has received an appointment in the League Island Navy Yard, and will remove to that place. The government furnishes him with a good house, two acres of ground and a comfortable salary. Mr. Dougherty was a veteran in the late war, taking part in 22 battles, was captured by the Southern troops and held a prisoner for nearly two years.

Accused of Theft.

Fred Stover, formerly of Philadelphia, but lately of Penn's Manor, where he worked as a farm hand for John M. Wright, is in the Doylestown Jail, having been taken there Tuesday afternoon by Constable David H. Wharton, of Morrisville.

It is said Stover, who is a young man about 25, grew tired of farm life, and began looking about for a position in the city from whence he came. He found a vacancy with a firm needing a collector, but a certain amount of security was required. This Stover did not have, but Mr. Wright, his employer, had enough money in a tin box in his bed room to supply Stover's needs. He slipped into Mr. Wright's room, it is alleged, and secured $225 in cash.

Mr. Wright suspected Stover and called in Constable Wharton. The constable obtained sufficient information to warrant him in accusing Stover of the theft, and he admitted that he was the guilty party after being arrested and taken before 'Squire Edmund Wright, of Morrisville. Stover returned to Mr. Wright's place in company with the constable, to whom he revealed the spot where the money had been secreted.

Only $187 of the $225 was found. Stover declared he had not taken more than the first named sum. He was held in bonds of $300.

This Tramp Had Nerve

Here is a tramp with nerves of iron. He turned up in Bristol, says the Philadelphia Record, and said his name was Joseph Ryan, and that he came from Boston. In attempting to jump on a moving freight train, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, on Monday night he slipped. One foot was caught under the heavy wheels and mashed to pulp. The traveler was carried into the station, and Dr. John Ward responded to a call upon him.

The doctor found that amputation was necessary, and asked Ryan if he could stand it without either. "Do it either with or without; cert," said Ryan. Then, as the doctor cut away at the ground-up member the tramp nonchalontly read a newspaper, as though the loss of a foot was no more than the deprivation of a few square meals. Ryan was afterward brought to a hospital in this city.

—The editor of a Democratic paper that has had all the mills, furnaces and factories starting and restarting the past three months, with visions of laboring men groaning under the loads of gold and silver poured into their laps on payday, saw the Aurora Borealis last evening, and supposing it was a reflection from the several thousand furnace fires that have been rekindled, called his family about him and pointed to the proof written on the skies that the talk about hard times is all bosh. Then the editor fortified himself with vision producer and wrote several small paragraphs about more mills "starting up." The small paragraphs appear to-day.—Norristown Daily Times.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 4, 1894.—One of the important changes in typographical rules which has been brought about by the introduction of type setting machines is the discarding, to a great extent, of italics. Speed is the great object to be attained, and to accomplish it italics have been very generally dropped and quotation marks are often used in their stead. This is especially illustrated by the names of newspapers. The custom has always been for one periodical when using the name of another to set the name of the contemporary in italics, but this time-honored custom has been abandoned by all newspapers using type-setting machines. A rule just as sacred among compositors was to set the name of a paper's own title in small caps but now even when a paper refers to itself it quotes its name. The machines have no fonts of italics or small caps. Probably the day is not far off when the quotation marks will be omitted. They serve no particular purpose for they do not distinguish the first person from the third as did the use of small caps and italics. There is a machine, however, which enables the operator to stop at any point and set type of a different font and then drop back to Roman again at his will, but as part of this machine is alleged to be an infringement on the Morganthaler patents the courts have restrained the makers from putting it upon the market. The device to change from one kind of type to another is patented and the Morganthaler machines cannot use it. Out of this conflict over patents grows the evolution of typographical rules.

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Surely these are troublesome times. We have scarcely finished reading of a serious conflict between citizens of Colorado and the state officials than the papers are filled with accounts of open rebellion in South Carolina. This is followed by alarming reports of the conduct of 11,000 striking miners in Pennsylvania, and with it all is the movement of Coxey's Commonweal army. Taken altogether they [illegible] culminate in greater evils than have thus far resulted.

This idea of citizens going to Washington in large bodies is the outcome of indifference manifested to petitious and even to committees of representative men. Petitions are tossed aside as waste paper, while men of standing who visit the capital are listened to with impatience and indifference. The people have emphatically expressed their opinions at the polls, but even this is unheeded at Washington. The men in power say in answer to appeals "You are not with us; you did not help to elect us and we do not represent you or your interests, and we are therefore in no way obligated to listen to your appeals." That is what they express by their conduct. But these assertions are untrue. Thousands of business and working men who helped to roll up the Republican majority of 190,000 in February last cast their votes for Grover Cleveland. They now regret their anti protection policy and have done their best to convince President Cleveland and Congress that their sentiments have changed.

Democratic members of Congress and Senators do not encourage the new movements of citizens going to Washington in bodies. They turned a deaf ear to the New England mill girls. So also have they given the cold shoulder to mill workers of Philadelphia. When a few weeks ago a delegation of textile workers from Mr. Harmer's district, the greatest textile district in America, went to the capital to show the Senate committee on ways and means why the duty should not be decreased upon manufactured goods and why it should be levied by a specific instead of an ad valorem tax they met with an inexcusable rebuff. Congressman Harmer tried his best to arrange for an interview with Senator Mills of the committee but was unsuccessful. Then these working men undertook the task themselves and spent a whole day without accomplishing anything. Then the leader ascertained where Mr. Mills lived and about the hour he breakfasted. He wrote a strong letter on several sheets of foolscap paper, reciting the fact that he had been much impressed with a speech made by Mr. Mills at the Academy of Music, in which the Senator professed to be a friend of the workingmen, and if he meant what he then said there was a chance to prove that friendship by giving the mill workers a hearing. At the breakfast hour a messenger was sent to the Senator's house with the letter and directed to wait for an answer. For 40 minutes the workers waited on the street nearby for the return of the messenger and finally the answer came that the Senator would meet the men at noon in the reception room of the Senate. At the appointed hour the men were on hand, but the Senator was absent. Then began another chase, and Mr. Harmer finally rounded up the man from Texas. "I can't see those men," he said. "I've got no time for them." "Didn't you promise to see them?" asked Mr. Harmer. "Yes." "Are you going to violate your pledge to these men?" "No, I must not do that," replied the Senator, and then striding into the reception room, in his gruffest tones he exclaimed: "Well, what do you want?" A short interview followed, in which the spokesman made the best of his opportunity, but words, facts, arguments and appeals fell upon the Texas Senator's ears as water upon a duck's back.

What is left for an earnest people to do? Coxey's army is made up of an element which does not command respect, but if the Congressmen persist in their stubbornness, will not more powerful elements join in the crusade, and if so who can foretell the disaster which heedless statesmen are preparing for themselves?

On April 20th a convention of mill workers, of men with homes and dependent families is to be held in Washington. These men, accompanied by wives and daughters, propose to march to the Senate and present a memorial protesting against the Wilson bill. If they are rebuffed, in their desperation they, too, may become desperate and help to swell the ranks of the Commonweal.

F. D. M.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations is considering a bill which ought to be speedily and favorably reported. It is a bill that lends the credit of the Government to the Nicaraguan Canal to the extent of $100,000,000. The interests of the Government are amply protected.

The country is vitally concerned in the success of the isthmian canal. The importance of the work to the commerce of the whole world is so great that the canal is sure to be built, and if the United States do not control it Great Britain will. It is certainly beyond the capacity of private capital.

The canal will really be part of the coast line of this country when it is completed, and will greatly benefit the cities of the Pacific coast, of the Gulf and of the Southern Atlantic States. New York, Philadelphia and Boston cannot help but gain an increase of prosperity also. In short, the canal will solve the problem of cheap transportation for the coasts of the two Americas.

The loan of $100,000,000 to the canal will do more good than five times that amount invested in the improvement of small interior streams and mud bayous.—New York World.

—Evans' Hall, on last Thursday evening, was well filled with Democrats who had been called together to consider the growing problem of the expediency of holding an election for Postmaster for Bristol borough. It was resolved to hold an election on the following Saturday, and Thomas W. Patton and R. A. Porter were announced as candidates for the position. Mr. Porter, who was not at the meeting, subsequently declined to enter the contest, and as Mr. Patton had no competitor who was willing to enter the field against him the election went by default. Meanwhile the Republican incumbent, W. H. H. Fine, still holds the fort and, we presume, is willing to do so until his successor is appointed.

—Cornelius Kelly, one of the habitues of that now famous resort at Bristol, "The Ranch," who was convicted at the March term of Court of the larceny of oysters from Huckster Joseph Ridge, and in whose case sentence was suspended upon promise of good behavior in the future, was "pulled in" Monday night by the Bristol police for being drunk and disorderly. The officers telephoned to the Sheriff's office Tuesday morning that he was held to await the action of the authorities here, and Judge Yerkes ordered Sheriff Nicholas to bring him to Doylestown forthwith. It was out of the goodness of his heart and to give Mr. Kelly, who is a young man, an opportunity to reform, that Judge Yerkes allowed him to go, but now that he has forfeited the confidence placed in him by the Court he will have nobody but himself to blame if he be punished.—Democrat.

—The Whiteside block, at Alexandria, Indiana, was demolished by an explosion of natural gas, late on Saturday night, and four men were burned to death and three badly injured. Two charred bodies taken from the ruins could not be identified.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Death of Edmund L. Banes.

Mr. Edmund L. Banes, who some sixteen years ago left Bristol to seek his fortune in the Western country, died on March 31st, at Redding, California. Mr. Banes was a brother to Charles Banes, now of Washington, D. C., and of County Treasurer, Henry B. Banes. Mrs. Anna Lovett, widow of Dr. Lovett, of Langhorne, was a sister of the deceased. Mr. Banes since leaving Bristol had met with varying fortunes. He was engaged in the mining business, and during his absence from Bristol lived in Montana, Colorado and California. His many friends and relatives in this vicinity learned of his death with deep regret. He leaves a wife and four children.

Death of James M. Brudon.

On last Monday James M. Brudon died at the advanced age of over 89 years. He was born in Bristol on March 4th, 1805, and was a resident of this borough from the day of his birth until his death. His father, Joseph Brudon, was also born in Bristol. During his long life here, Mr. Brudon was prominently identified with the town. He was Chief Burgess and for many years a member of Council. He was engaged in mercantile business from 1836 to 1854, after which he engaged in building operations. He was a prominent Democrat. Mr. Brudon was well worthy of the great confidence and respect shown him. He was a man of very genial disposition, and was equally happy when detailing some funny incident of which he was the victim, as when relating a story where his own individuality was not involved. The large circle of Mr. Brudon's relatives and friends will sincerely mourn his death. The funeral was held this morning, the interment being in the Methodist Episcopal buring ground. The attendance was very large. The services were conducted by Revs. Rink, Burriss and Hendrickson.

Death of T. B. Bailey.

Thomas Barclay Bailey, formerly of Bristol, but who for the past eleven years was resident of Washington, D. C., died on Friday, March 30, in the seventy-first year of his age. For a number of years Mr. Bailey had been in poor health, and for the last six months was unable to go about, except in his room. To those who knew him as an active, robust man it would have been a revelation to have witnessed the patience with which he bore his long illness. His naturally strong constitution brought him through several severe attacks during the past two years, greatly to the mystification of his physicians and friends, but on the date mentioned above he succumbed to an affection of the heart which resulted in almost instantaneous death. His funeral occurred on Monday, April 2, from the residence of his son-in-law, Daniel Muncey, with whom he made his home in Washington.

A friend who was much with Mr. Bailey during his illness was Rev. William Mullen, of Washington, who forty years ago was an itinerant Methodist minister stationed at Attleborough (now Langhorne), where he made the acquaintance of the deceased. An interval of twenty-five years occurred in their personal intercourse, when through an accidental meeting their friendship was renewed in Washington and continued to the end. By request of his deceased friend, made weeks before, Rev. Mr. Mullen conducted the funeral services, and spoke feelingly of the relations that existed between them, and of the satisfying religious experience of Mr. Bailey, which was manifested during his extended suffering. Mr. William R. Bailey, of Bristol, and other relatives from Bucks county and vicinity were present at the funeral. The pall bearers, with one exception, were all near relatives.

Death of Pierson Mitchell.

Pierson Mitchell, president of the Farmers' National Bank, of Bristol, died at his home at Langhorne on Sunday, from the secondary results of a surgical operation which had been performed some weeks ago, but from which it was supposed he had recovered. It was only within a few days of his death that a fatal termination was feared. The following sketch of his life is taken from the Bucks County Intelligencer:

Pierson Mitchell was the son of J. Allen and Tacy Stackhouse Mitchell. He was born in Middletown township, Eighth month 22, 1822. In early life he attended school at Attleborough, now Langhorne, and later the Benjamin Hallowell school at Alexandria, Va., at which institution a very large number of the young men of the Friends' Society were educated in the first half of the present century. Young Mitchell had a good mind and profited largely from the opportunities thus afforded him. His first occupation, begun before he was twenty-one, was school teaching at Langhorne. He later began the study of medicine, but relinquished the prosecution of his reading, by the advice of his uncle and preceptor, and turned his attention to farming for the improvement of his health. Later he became a surveyor and conveyancer, which occupations he followed satisfactorily and creditably for many years. In this connection and as a general business agent he rendered large and important services for many years in the community in which he lived and surrounding districts. Careful, prudent, industrious and pains-taking Pierson Mitchell was regarded as an ideal business man, and was frequently consulted upon delicate and important questions in many family and estate affairs, in which he gave not only effective and intelligent service but kept the most discreet confidence.

Among the business positions which Pierson Mitchell filled are the following: Director of the Farmers' Bank of Bucks county, at Bristol, for thirty-seven years, and president of the board since the death of the late Caleb N. Taylor; director of the People's National Bank at Langhorne, from the founding of the institution; director of the Bucks County Trust Company for some years past; and an officer in local companies. The most conspicuous public elective office held by Pierson Mitchell was justice of the peace wherein by sound advice and judicious action litigation was avoided and good feeling and fair dealing largely encouraged.

In the Society of Friends Pierson Mitchell has long been a prominent and valuable member. Connected with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Fifteenth and Race streets, and with the local meetings in Bucks county, Friend Mitchell has given much time and work to the concerns of the Society and to the advancement of its material affairs. At the time of his death he was a member of the committee upon the John M. George bequest of the Yearly Meeting, and during the last year had given much attention to the founding of the George School, near Newtown, being chairman of the committee on grounds.

In 1850 Pierson Mitchell married Caroline, daughter of Anthony and Mary Burton. Both families are of the stock of English Friends, and both were of the very early settlers of Bucks county. One child, now the wife of Harvey H. Gillam, of Langhorne, was the issue of this marriage.

Pierson Mitchell was a self-made man, whose exertions and character won for him the position he held in the community and the respect of his fellows. He carried his age well, due to his correct living and prudent habits, and had the activity and appearance of a much younger man. He had, however, done much in the years which reached beyond three score and ten and he will be greatly missed from the ways of life in which he was accustomed to walk.

—The trial list for the April term of court, which will begin on Monday, April 16, includes the following cases:

David E. Williams and G. Brinton Roberts, trading as David E. Williams & Co., vs. The Bristol Rolling Mill Company, defendant and A. Weir Gilkeson, assignee of the Bristol Rolling Mill Company, and A. Weir Gilkeson, garnishee. Attachment execution.

Consolidated National Bank of Philadelphia vs. the Bristol Rolling Mill Company, defendant, and A. Weir Gilkeson, assignee of the Bristol Rolling Mill Company, and A. Weir Gilkeson, garnishee. Attachment execution.

A. G. Spalding & Bro. vs. Gabriel Schiesser. Appeal.

—Suit for $225,000 damages was begun on Saturday in the Federal Courts at Indianapolis against the Phœnix Bridge Company by the Louisville Trust Company. The plaintiff represents the relatives of nine men who were killed in the bridge accident at Louisville, December 15 last Faulty and negligent construction is alleged to have been the cause of the accident.

In packing bottles or canned fruit for moving, slip a rubber band over the body of them.

"I was tired and had pain in my back. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel like another person."—Amelia Nelson, Doylestown Pa.

Literary Notes.

At the World's Fair last summer no foreign exhibit attracted more attention than, probably no other attracted so much as, the Javanese village. In spite of the interest then taken in the gentle, little brown-skinned residents of the rush-matting-and-bamboo village, many people will be surprised to know that the population of Java is 23,000,000. How the Javanese live, and what their island home looks like, will be described in the May Harper's, with illustrations of typical houses, vegetation, and men and women.

The April Eclectic presents a good selection of papers, opening with Professor Mallock's valuable discussion of "Fabian Economics," in which, after impartially reviewing the ideas of Socialism, he meets their arguments with unfailing common sense and ability. In view of recent political tendencies, an article on the House of Lords is of timely interest. Among the longer papers is W. S. Lilly's "Philosophy of Crime," dealing chiefly with the modern treatment of this subject. The principal scientific article of the number is Sir Robert Ball's "Significance of Carbon in the Universe." Sir Mounstuart Duff summarizes the "Life and Letters of Arthur Stanley," and Professor Poole contributes an enthusiastic article on "Mr. Ruskin's Relation to Modern Problems." Max Muller draws a parallel between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and Mrs. Harrison's sketch comes pleasantly to the reader who has been assured that a revolt of English daughters is imminent. Mr. E. N. Buxton's paper on "The Mountains of Egypt," contains some admirable pages of description of a very little known region. In the number are several shorter and lighter sketches and articles touching a variety of subjects and interests. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1. Eclectic and any $4 Magazine $8.

Weddings.

A new fad has lately been introduced from England that gloves shall not be worn at weddings by the bride and groom. This undoubtedly arose from the fact that some high-born lady once forgot her gloves. How far this fashion will be followed it is difficult to say, but no doubt there are some persons who will adopt it. Sometimes the bridemaids or maids of honor enter the church one by one from each side of the chancel, and joining in the middle aisle, walk down to meet the bride and her father. Usually, however, the ushers walk in from the front door, followed by the bridemaids, then the bride on her father's arm, the groom meanwhile entering with his best man from the chancel, and waiting there to receive the bridal party. The veil can be so arranged that the piece which covers the face is pinned across the hair, and falls to the waist. This can easily be removed after the ceremony by one of the bridemaids, and carried out of church over her arm. This is a more satisfactory way of arranging the veil, as it is not possible to turn it back gracefully over the orange blossoms.

A prayer-book is often carried by the bride instead of a bouquet, and in one instance this prayer-book was handed the officiating clergyman, who read from it the service, returning it to the bride afterwards. Bridemaids and ushers do not walk together down the aisle. It is considered an old-fashioned custom, and is seldom followed. At morning weddings the bridemaids sometimes carry parasols, which are partly opened, and are filled with flowers. Of course, in this case, the maids wear hats.—Harper's Bazar.

Forty Winks for Insomnia.

"I have a new remedy for insomnia," said the nervous member as he entered the club rooms this morning.

"If it is good, tell us about it."

"It is very simple. Just go to bed and take the most comfortable position for sleeping. Then slowly open and close your eyes. If, after forty winks, you are not asleep, then try forty more. The great difficulty with victims of insomnia is that they almost always fall to thinking of the events of the day. This may be prevented by persistent counting, but that is itself a mental effort and wakes one up. Not so, however, with winking. I defy any of you to think of anything else while you are engaged in this simple exercise."

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot stove.

"Grip Still Lurks in the Air"

Notwithstanding we may have a few bright, warm days, often tempting people to carelessness, change of clothing, etc., "Grippe still lurks in the air." It is now widely known that Dr. Humphreys' new Specific 77 cures Grippe with all its symptoms of Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, general Prostration and Fever. Taken early it cuts it short promptly; taken during its prevalence, prevents its invasion; taken while suffering from it a relief is speedily realized, and an entire cure assured by its continued use. 77 consists of a small bottle of pleasant pellets; just fits your vest pocket. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents, or 5 bottles for $1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co. Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

Wanted.

A GIRL TO LEARN THE MILLINERY Business. MRS. W. RANDALL, Bath Street, Bristol.

Wanted.

SITUATION WANTED ON A FARM. Call Saturday or Sunday. JACOB YURGOUSKY, 325 Pond and Lafayette Sts., Bristol, Pa.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

Arbor Days.

Governor Pattison has designated April 13th and April 27th as Arbor Days. The Norristown Herald comments thus. In doing this he very properly calls attention to the beneficent results that have followed the observance of Arbor Day in Pennsylvania, in the ornamentation of yards, gardens, public streets and parks. He dwells also upon the danger that the woodlands of the State will disappear unless public opinion is awakened to the indiscriminate slaughter that is still being carried on against the forests, and he recognizes the fact that legislation is of little value unless supplemented by an intelligent and progressive public sentiment.

His advice ought to be heeded. It should be generally understood that the man, woman or child who plants and carefully tends a tree, shrub or vine, does a worthy act—one that blesses others and benefits the community only in a smaller degree than the individual directly concerned. A home in the country can be beautified and improved and made more home-like than ever in this way. Farmers make a serious mistake in failing to plant an abundance of fruit trees for pleasure and profit, and still a worse blunder when they omit to attend carefully to those that they have. Shade and ornamental trees have their place also on every well regulated farm. The person, in town or rural neighborhood, who plants a tree and cares for it until it can take care of itself, is a public benefactor. It should be the aim everywhere to do what can be done to improve and beautify waster places in this way.

—In a recent article by Mrs. Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," on "The Moral and Manners of Appearance," that now popular lady declares that advanced women do not pay enough attention to their appearance, and she even goes so far as to say that women might have had the suffrage a long time ago if some of the first fighters for it, some of the strong ones, had not been unprepossessing women. These two or three were held up everywhere as an awful warning of what the whole sex would become if they got the suffrage, and instead of argument, people used to say, "If you only saw the old harridans, their dress, and their manners, who are agitating for the suffrage, it would be enough. If women are to look like that when they get the suffrage, then defend me from it." "What we want," she says, "is the credit of having improved manners, not the odium of having corrupted them. We ourselves know, but the world does not recognize, and, therefore, must be taught, that it is not among us advanced women that the worst manners are to be found. For vulgarity, for boldness, for folly, ignorance, want of principle, petty weakness, intrigue and positive vice you must go to the average society woman. Her one motive is self-seeking. She is a bad wife, a bad mother and a false friend. For intellect she has a fair supply of shrewdness and cunning, for religion, a rotten conglomerate of emotional superstitions that do not improve her conduct, for virtue, the hope of not being found out; while for charity, good feeling, modesty and every womanly attribute, she substitutes tact—the tact to respond outwardly to what she sees is required of her by different people. The first accomplishment she acquires is the art of knowing what not to say. She is never aggressive, never opinionated and although she is quietly persistent, she never commits the mistake of being actively insistent. She listens and observes and bides her time—and she gets what she wants, in which respect it is obvious that she is far superior to us whose motives and whose disinterestedness no one can honestly question. In a word, the society woman has her good points. She cultivates what we too often scorn to consider—that is, charm of manner, that way of doing things which does not ruffle anybody's temper or irritate them into opposition."

—The interminable conflict over the Tariff bill has disgusted the country and paralyzed the Democratic party, which, if it went to an election now, would secure but a corporal's guard of Representatives in Congress. The spectacle of a party which came into power in 1892 with almost unexampled enthusiasm now in the slough of despond because of the selfishness, incapacity and narrowmindedness of its leaders in Congress is not flattering to Republican government. The party press, which so vigorously championed tariff reform, now importunes Congressman to do anything rather than keep up the suspense.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

—John Eli Wade, a farmer of Clark County, Ky., has named his girl baby Madeline Pollard. The child is doing as well as could be expected.

New Attractions at the Animal Show.

New attractions are offered at Hagenbeck's. The wonderful trained animals playing at the corner of Broad and Cherry in the Winter Circus Building in Philadelphia, have become the great success of the season. In themselves they form an aggregation such as has never been equalled, and as though not content with success, Carl Hagenbeck, the proprietor, has sent to this country new attractions to augment the performances already given. None of the animals which have created such a sensation will be taken away and the new comers will but add to the greatness of the performance. Prominent among the new attractions is William Philadelphia, the heroic lion tamer who was so severely injured while in New York by the big lion Black Prince. He has just returned from Hamburg and will be seen in a startling act.

Signor Barri comes with two monster Russian acrobatic bears which do a performance which is said to be the most remarkable ever seen. Another startling attraction will be Mlle Mignon with a collection of the largest reptiles in captivity, which she puts through various tricks accompanied by a flock of doves. There will also be a young lady, a lion tamer, who is said to be a member of one of the aristocratic houses of Europe who became infatuated with the profession and has taken it up largely for the love of it.

Hagenbeck's animals are now on their third week and remain only a short time longer. No one should miss the opportunity to see them. Two performances are given daily and children are admitted at half prices. It is the most wonderful performance of the age.

—There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Married.

GIANICO—LINDPENSKI.—On March 24th, 1894, by Edward N. Booz, Justice of the Peace, at his office, No. 205 Wood street, Bristol, Pa., Giuseppe Gianico and Miss Angl Lindpenske, both of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

Died.

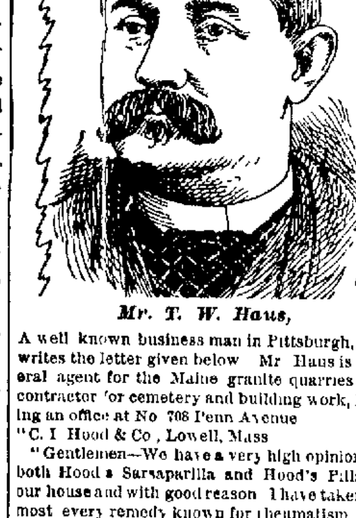
BANES.—At Redding, California, on March 31, Edmund L. Banes, aged 42 years, formerly of Bristol, Pa. Interment at Redding, Cal.

BRUDEN.—On April 2nd, at his residence on Dorrance street, James M. Bruden, aged 89 years.

DAVIS.—At his residence on Radcliffe street, April 1st, 1894, Isaac H. Davis, aged 91 years.

Hood's Never Fails

A Business Man's Experience—Cured of Rheumatism.



Mr. T. W. Haus,

A well known business man in Pittsburgh, Pa., writes the letter given below. Mr. Haus is general agent for the Maine granite quarries and contractor for cemetery and building work, having an office at No. 708 Penn Avenue.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen—We have a very high opinion of both Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills at our house and with good reason. I have taken almost every remedy known for rheumatism, and feel justified in saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only one that does me any good. I must admit I have not taken it steadily but only when the pains of rheumatism came on Hood's Sarsaparilla has

Always Given Me Relief,

and like many others, as soon as I am well I never think of medicine again until the next attack. We are never without Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills in our house, and have recommended both to dozens of friends. When any of my family are taken sick, no matter with what disease, the first thing we do is to give

A Dose of Hood's Pills

and follow it up with Hood's Sarsaparilla. I might write several pages in praise of this excellent medicine, but think I have said enough to convince." T. W. HAUS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

RANDALL'S
10th Annual Public Sale
—OF—
Home-Made Carriages
At NEWTOWN, on
Wednesday, April 18,
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M. SHARP

I HAVE about 80 NEW CARRIAGES to sell on above day. They include all kinds in general use in this section. For full description send for catalogue, or come and see them and don't fail to attend the sale and secure a GOOD HOME-MADE CARRIAGE. Warranted in all respects. Terms—Six months on approved paper, or 3 off for cash.

J. V. RANDALL.

Edwin Tomlinson, Auct.
J. S. Merrick, Clerk, Newtown, Pa.

Notice.

THE PUBLIC is hereby notified that Hiram F. Ely is not connected in any capacity with the Eastern Union Building and Loan Society of Philadelphia.

A. P. FLEMING Secretary

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, April 2, 1894.

Dress Goods.

Did you ever think how fearfully easy it is to let a great Dress Goods stock get loaded down with old patterns and side-tracked styles?

If there's any let-up in the vigilance of the manager; if he fails to bridle opportunity; if his judgment limps or his nerve weakens there can be but one result—failure more or less pronounced.

But if there is real mastery of the situation success seems to come as easily as a Summer cloud drops rain.

No laggards can stay in such a stock. If a pattern hesitates down the price goes until it will jump.

Wander at will among these wide circles of Dress Goods. Every new style you've heard of, scores and scores of new and newer styles that haven't yet had a word.

Not an old pattern, not a last year's sort in sight.

And prices are 25 to 50 per cent under our normal rates for such goods.

This random half dozen or so of styles touches only a part of the price scale, but it shows dimes and dollars saved on yards you'd never expect to see so little priced.

At 50c the yard.
All-wool De Beige. A standard material for quiet dressing. Merit in every yard. No better stuff for traveling costumes. Won't muss, won't stay crushed. Sheds dust with a shake. Soft and drapes gracefully. 6 mixtures. We never knew this grade at less than 75c.

At 50c the yard.
50 inch Valkyrie Suiting. For stylish wear or knocking around. 7 mixtures. 5 yards ($2.50) ample for a dress.

At $1.25 the yard.
Novelty Cheviots. Four styles—29 colorings. Irregular mottled stripes and checks in the newest Spring tints. Combined to produce entirely new effect. Light blue, green, tan and almost every pretty color is represented. Not gay, but rich in tone. 50 inches wide.

At $1.50 the yard.
Streaky Covert Cloths. Not the streakiness of imperfection, but dashes of prettily colored yarns scattered over the Covert weaves so as to produce a peculiarly bright and cheerful effect. 9 styles, all safe colors. 46 inches.

At $1.50 the yard.
Silk-and-wool Tailor Mixtures. One of the latest comers. Ground zig-zag combination of silk-and-wool in two tone, with scattered bubbles of silk. Mixtures are few but choice. Quality and beauty of these goods would ordinarily make them quick at $2.

At $1.75 the yard.
56 inch Oxford Mixed Worsted for ladies' tailor-made gowns. Army blue and black, blue-and-black, gray-and-black. One of the newest and best of American products. Never before less than $2.50.

At $2.50 the yard.
Worsted Mixtures and Checks in gray only, 58 inch. Never before less than $3.00. Not right for house or evening wear, but choice street costumes.

At $3 the yard.
English Venetian. Regular $5 goods but the importer wanted money. 56 inches. 3 shades of tan. Only for women's coats.

Striped Flannel 5 cents.

Careful shoppers almost doubt their eyes. These Flannels would ordinarily be 10c the yard here; they're as good as are told of in some other stores at 12½c.

Nothing in the goods themselves to warrant this absurdly little price. Styles are as right as qualities.

In the cases just being opened are many of the neat gray effects that so many women are asking for.

10 yards (50c) ample for an ordinary dress pattern.

Women's Coats.

Simply having say two hundred distinct styles of Women's Coats doesn't signify—blundering bigness could compass that any day.

The marvel of it is that in all this great collection there are no ODD things, no mistakes limping up to roll-call and never getting any further.

A groaner on a line of battle would be just as welcome as a behind-hand style in that Coat and Wrap stock. Neither would be tolerated. There is inspiration for salespeople and for customers in such sparkling newness and such magnitude—two hundred sorts.

Among the favorites are;
The Rosebery Coat.
The Cutaway Coat.
The Kilmelny (open front) Coat.
The Prince Albert Coat.
The Foxhall Coat.
The Tuxedo Coat.
The Marsden Reefer.

Cape styles now count beyond five hundred — Cloth, Silk, Moire, Lace, Chiffon, singly or combined.

Wanamaker's.

Bicycles at $70.

The jump ahead in Bicycles is like the jump ahead in electrical science. High water mark of last year is away down on the scale this year. No bicyclist now wants an 1892 Safety; an 1893 pattern is only better in degree. No wonder dealers shout and pound the the price down to get rid of back-number Wheels. What each rider wants is every excellence that 1894 can show in a Machine.

Our Continental Bicycles are 1894 models; they have every 1894 goodness, they are first-class, high grade Wheels in every respect—except prices.

1894 pattern Continentals, M. & W. tires, $70.
1894 pattern Continentals, G. & J. tires, $75.

Standard Fiction 5 cents.

Lounging days by the waves or woods are not far off, but the chance to get Standard Works of fiction at five cents the volume is likely to be a memory long before that. Nearly one hundred titles in this very, very special lot.

More than three thousand titles Sheet Music at 5c piece.

April Book News

is ready with a plate-paper portrait of Dr. C. C. Abbott, a writer who has invested archæological research with the fascination of romance, and who as a naturalist takes his readers nearer and nearer to nature's heart with every volume he publishes.

All the usual features of BOOK NEWS are at their best—including the price list of new books, that touchstone for values that has done so much to save money for the pockets of book buyers.

BOOK NEWS is 5c, 50c a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE ORPHANS' COURT, the [illegible] Estate of Mary Vandeventer, deceased, situate on Buckley Street, Bristol, Pa., will be sold at Public Sale upon the premises on

SATURDAY, APRIL 21st, 1894

At 2 o'clock p. m. The lot contains a front on Buckley Street of forty feet with a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The improvements consist of a frame dwelling 30x32 feet, two and one half stories high, containing ten rooms, with out kitchen attached, well of good water under cover, and is adapted for two families. Also upon the premises is a frame barn fifteen feet square. At the same time and place will be sold the personal property of said decedent, consisting of beds, bedsteads and bedding, bureaus, tables, wash stands, chairs, mirrors, clock, extension table, lamps, wash tubs, carpet, stoves and fixtures, dishes and crockeryware, wheel barrow, etc., etc.

Conditions of sale—On personal property, cash at close of sale; on real estate, $100 at close of sale, balance of purchase money July 1, 1894.

GUSTAV A. RATHKE, Executor.

Edw. N. Booz, Auctioneer.

WALL STREET!
TO OPERATE SUCCESSFULLY IN WALL STREET
Join our Co-Operative R. R. Stock Syndicate. 100 to 500 per cent per annum easily made and without risk. Send for "Prospectus and Daily Market Letter," mailed free. Highest Reference.
WEINMAN & CO. Bankers and Brokers
No. 41 Broadway, New York City

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Notice to Builders and Contractors

Sealed proposals for the erection of a brick school building for the Borough of Bristol, Pa., will be received by the Chairman of the Building Committee, B. C. Foster, on or before Tuesday, April 10th, 1894, at 8 o'clock P. M. To be considered at a special meeting of the Board.

The plans and specifications may be seen after Tuesday, March 27th, at Mr. Foster's store, corner Mill and Wood Streets, Bristol, or at the office of the architect, S. A. Brouse, Forst Richey Building, Trenton, N. J.

The right to reject any or all proposals will be reserved by the Board.

Sufficient bonds will be required from the contractor.

Separate bids will be received for the steam heating of the building.

J. K. WILDMAN,
J. K. YOUNG, Prest. School Board
Secretary

Orphans' Court Sale
—OF—
Real Estate.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' Court of Bucks County, the following Real Estate will be sold on the premises in Bristol Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on

SATURDAY, the 14th Day of April, A. D. 1894

At 2 o'clock P. M., to wit:—That certain lot of land situate in Bristol Township bounded and described as follows. Beginning at the centre of Mudtown Lane and Rogers Road, thence up the Mudtown Lane by land of Byers and Bowman North 64 degrees and 30 minutes East, 32 perches to a corner about the middle of the Newtown Road in the line of land formerly of John Clark, thence by the same up the said road North 79 degrees and 50 minutes West, 34½ perches to the intersection of the Rogers Road with the Newtown Road, thence along the middle of said Rogers' Road South 14 degrees and 45 minutes East, 20 8-10 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres and 6 perches. This is a nice, little lot of land, and well worthy the attention of buyers.

Conditions made known the day of sale by
JAMES PATTERSON,
Administrator of Jacob L. Carter.
JAMES E. MAGILL, Auctioneer.

DR. J. T. STRADLING
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

Legal Advertisements.

STATE NOTICE

Estate of FANNY BUGGY, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

F. W. PATTON, Administrator.

Bristol Borough, Feb. 28th 1894.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SAMUEL S. RUE, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SARAH A. HALL,
EVA DOWNING,
HARVEY S. RUE,
Administrators.

Or
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMA L. SCOTT, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to

HARVEY S. RUE, Administrator.

Or
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY VANDEVENTER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

GUSTAV A. RATHKE, Executor.

Or his Attorney
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of ANNA B. DAVIS, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

JOHN R. DE VICTOR,
55 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate SARAH A. POTTS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

W. W. GILLINGHAM,
Administrator,
Langhorne, Bucks Co., Pa.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol, Pa., Jan. 9th, 1894.

AT AN ELECTION HELD THIS DAY THE following Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank: Pierson Mitchell, Anthony Swain, Edward Thomas, Louis A. Hogue, John P. Agnew, M. D., Elwood Burton, John Burton, Benjamin F. Taylor, George A. Shoemaker.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, Pierson Mitchell was re-elected President, and Benjamin F. Taylor, Vice President.

1-11 5t. CHARLES L. SCOTT, Cashier.

Two Houses For Rent.

A NEW EIGHT ROOM HOUSE, No. 148 Pond Street. Bath Room, Hot and Cold Water, Electric Lights. The other on Garden Street, near Jefferson Avenue. Apply to

E. L. DeWELL, Pond Street.

FOR 40 YEARS AS
Express Messenger
Between
BRISTOL and PHILADELPHIA.
—Residence—
205 Lafayette St., Bristol
—Office—
BYRNES' CARPET STORE,
37 S. 2d Street, Phila.
F. B. BURKE,
Box 314 BRISTOL, PA

Homer W. Edwards.
Attorney-at-Law,
Rooms 37 and 38, Sibley Building
1220 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa
Prompt Remittances

VASOLATUM

Equally as good as Vaseline or Cosmoline at half the price.

DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE.
Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

A HIGH-CLASS illustrated monthly magazine in the home is no longer a luxury. It is a necessity, and to meet the demands created by this necessity, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE giving yearly, as it does, 1536 pages of reading by the ablest living authors, with over 1200 illustrations by clever artists has stepped into the breach with a reduction in its price that has startled the literary world.

The Bucks County Gazette, fully alive to the needs of its patrons has made special arrangements with this superb monthly, whereby it will receive orders for yearly subscriptions TO BOTH PUBLICATIONS COMBINED for the sum of $2.

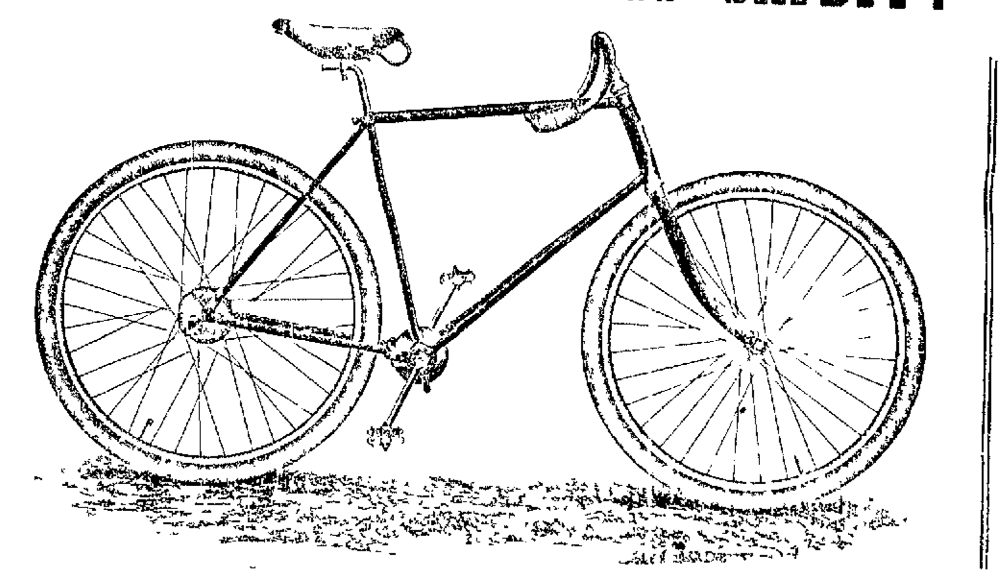
THE BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE
—AND—
THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

The price of the great illustrated monthlies in the past has been $3.00 and $4.00 a year, and they were to be found only in the more pretentious homes. Our offer furnishes a help to all families, no matter how modest their means, to keep in touch with the greatest minds of the world, as The Cosmopolitan has to-day the strongest regular staff of any existing periodical. Send orders to

Jesse O. Thomas,
Publisher GAZETTE,
BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous

THE LEAGUE CHAINLESS SAFETY!



The most unique and best wheel on the market. No more soiled clothing. No stretching or rattling of chains.

LADIES' SAFETY, With more special advantages adapted especially for the comfort of Lady cyclists than all other Ladies' wheels combined.

ADVANTAGES: Ease, Speed, Absence of Noise, Lost Motion, Oil and Dust, All Working Parts Enclosed. For particulars and prices call on or address

ARDREY BROTHERS,
POND STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

Also Agents for the WARWICK and the PENNSYLVANIA.

An Ordinance

Authorizing a temporary loan of One Thousand Dollars for the purpose of paying bills for current expenses of the Borough of Bristol maturing prior to July 1st, 1894.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

That the Burgess and Treasurer be and they are hereby authorized to borrow the sum of One Thousand Dollars on the credit of the Borough for the purpose of paying bills for the current expenses of the Borough maturing prior to July 1st, 1894. Said loan to be made at a rate of interest not to exceed Six per cent per annum and to be made payable on the Fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1894.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, the 12th day of March, A. D. 1894.

THOMAS B. HARKINS, Burgess.

Attest—E. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

DO YOU WISH TO LOOK HANDSOME.

Our $3.00 per dozen
CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS
Will Produce the Result.

Why pay more. They are to the finest made by others who charge higher price.

WE LEAD THE LEADERS.
FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
TRY US. TRY US.
ENTREKIN,
1204 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA.

B. C. FOSTER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

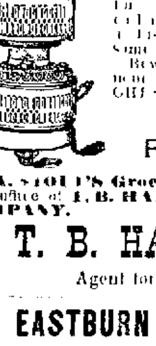
Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses, Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

Best Lehigh Coal
AT $3 PER TON



WOULD NOT be as economical as the Rochester Parlor Heater, which will heat an ordinary size room at a cost of less than one cent an hour. Can heat a kettle of water in a few minutes. Burns ordinary illuminating oil. Perfectly safe. No odor, No smoke, No ashes to handle. Just the thing everybody wants. Send for circulars if you cannot call and see it. It is a beauty, as useful as it is handsome. Some imitations in U. S. A. Beware of imitations. Buy none but the genuine RO CHESTER.

Price $6.50

For Sale at

H. A. STOUT'S Grocery, 351 Dorrance St., and office of T. B. HARKIN'S FOUNDRY COMPANY.

T. B. HARKINS,
Agent for Bristol and Vicinity.

EASTBURN ACADEMY,
No. 700 North BROAD Street, Philadelphia, on [illegible]
School for Boys
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Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN.

Good Drainage and Good Health Inseparable Conditions.

The wide awake, prosperous, busy town differs as much in appearance as it does in manner from the sleepy, careless community that lets things take care of themselves. What a contrast the well paved and well kept streets of the former present to the untidy and neglected aspect of the latter! The capitalist, the artisan, the homeseeker, can but be impressed with the evidences of thrift and energy that are inseparable from cleanliness and order. As a consequence the one rapidly advances in wealth and population, while the other stands still if it does not—which is probable—execute a backward movement.

The first duty of a town is to provide for the health of the resident—that is, so far as it is possible to do so by preventive measures. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and pure water and a scientific sewerage system are indispensable aids to the physical and moral welfare of the community. In far too many localities is the question of drainage left to take care of itself, and it remains a perpetual menace to the public health, sooner or later to break forth with dire results.

A system of drainage should embrace not only the removal of storm water which falls upon the streets, but also the water from sinks, closets, factories and other sources. All such should have direct connection with sewers having an outlet in the nearest water course. The street gutters should be kept free from rubbish and have such a perfect grade that no water will find lodgment along the streets on either side. Money judiciously spent in this work under the supervision of a competent engineer is a safe and sure investment that will be returned with compound interest. In our own town there is much room for improvement in this direction, and each business man and householder owes it to himself and his neighbor to help along this necessary work.

In the matter of streets, too, we are far from perfect. With a little more care in the details of construction and more systematic and thorough methods of keeping them free from sticks, stones and other accumulations of rubbish our thoroughfares would be a credit and a pride instead of, in some cases, an eyesore and cause for mortification. As in the larger cities, ordinances fixing penalties for dumping ashes and other household refuse to the streets should be enforced, as well as forbidding the loading of wagons with dirt, coal, wood, etc., in such a manner that a part of the contents will be distributed along the route of their passage. A proper supervision of these matters, with a liberal distribution of the printed ordinances, will go far toward realizing the desired neatness.

TREES IN THE TOWN.

They Add Value to Property—A Few Remarks on Street Lighting.

A love of the beautiful is inborn in man. Trees are a source of never failing enjoyment to dwellers in the town, and no town can be beautiful without them. How refreshing their shade in summer, and the dreariness of winter is rendered less desolate by their presence. Sentiment aside, trees have a direct value. A suitable place of residence than one which lacks their adornment. Property is more valuable on this street, and landlords demand and receive a higher rate of rent. The houses are more pretentious, the lawns are green and smoothly shaven, and beds of flowers and bunches of shrubbery bear witness to the friendly rivalry among the dwellers to excel in the beautiful. A comparatively small outlay would do much to beautify our town. Once planted and properly guarded from destruction, trees require little care and in a few years will amply recompense us for trouble and money expended.

The lighting of streets at night is a subject of great importance to the people of a community. The benefits are many and far outweigh any question of cost or economy. How many accidents that have caused loss of life and limb are due to insufficiently lighted or wholly dark streets! How many crimes have been committed under cover of darkness that would never have been perpetrated had there been light to reveal the robber or assassin to his intended victim! The development of electricity has made it possible to light our streets at night at a small expense. No costly plant is required, and the outlay for labor to put up the wires is nominal.

The lighting of the business section is not enough. It is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far. The personal safety and convenience of every citizen demand that our streets shall be so illuminated that he may leave his home after dark without danger of breaking his limbs or having his head smashed by some enterprising footpad.

For Advertisers to Consider.

The recoil of ads. loaded with lame logic often breaks the backbone of business.

A verbal "wiggle" to a "business bait" will often catch the eye and interest of a very cautious "fish."

It takes two to make a bargain, but one persuasive ad. well circulated will often make a market.

An appetizing ad. leaves a taste in the reader's mouth which often ripens into a hunger for the thing advertised.

A peculiar verbal twist to an ad. often helps it to draw the cork of pentup prejudice.

A business boom loaded with convincing logic and shot through the columns of a mighty medium will knock piggish prejudice higher than Gilroy's kite.—Newburyport (Mass.) News.

A Very Good Citizen.

Taxes are but as a mite compared with the cost of the privileges which they insure to the average citizen were he to pay for them in any other way. The taxgatherer is a gentleman whose acquaintance should be cultivated.

Tolstoi and the Americans.

Count Tolstoi is lamenting the growth of various tendencies in society and inbred sin in all countries. He was asked by an interviewer the other day what people become the most abnormal in this respect. He replied:

"At any rate, not the Americans. To their credit must be put the immense national self love, which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans, in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the manuscript over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to 14 editors without getting it accepted, and finally it had to be sent to England."

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

Thrilling and Almost Fatal Adventure of a Pennsylvania Sportsman.

Quicksand swallowed W. A. Finley, a hotel proprietor of Norristown, Tuesday, to the waist, and but for the heroic assistance of two friends he would have met an awful doom.

Finley, William Shine and John Goodwin started out to catch snipe and snappers. They drove to Fairview and then started on foot up the Skippack creek, which flows a mile from the town. They chose this spot for their tour for game because it is rarely visited. Finley and Shine waded in the creek searching for snappers, while Goodwin remained on the bank gunning for snipe.

Without knowing it, Finley walked into a bed of quicksand. He did not realize for some minutes the peril he was in. Rapidly he began to sink, and then the horror of the threatened doom confronted him. He tried to lift his feet, but his legs had sunk to the tops of his boots in the consuming sand, and the water touched his waist. Finley pulled and tugged at his right leg. It yielded, but at the same time his left foot penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysterious substance. Then he reversed his efforts and with all his strength pulled at his left leg. It yielded, but the right leg went down to an alarming depth.

Finley called to Shine for help, and the latter responded quickly. He tried in vain at his own peril to extricate his friend. By this time the quicksand had almost swallowed Finley's legs, and the water was gradually rising and nearing his shoulders.

Then Goodwin was summoned. The victim was sinking more rapidly now, and the water was getting alarmingly near his chin. The combined efforts of the two friends checked the descent. They tugged for 10 minutes before Finley, utterly exhausted, was pulled from the quicksand. For curiosity they afterward tried to reach the bottom of the bed with long sticks. The sand was found to be over six feet deep.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CHAIR TELEPHONE.

A New Invention Which Might Be Used to Advantage In Barber Shops.

An Ohio inventor has just patented an effective auxiliary telephone, which is designed to be used in connection with substations. The auxiliary consists of a specially constructed chair. The back of the chair is so made that it will act as a transmitter, so that a conversation may be carried on with perfect ease while the operator is seated in the chair. The principle on which this patent operates is the vibrations produced in the body of the speaker, which are transmitted to the chair back and thence over the line in the usual manner.

This chair telephone is so designed that the chair will answer the purpose of an ordinary office chair. Mr. McKelvey, the inventor, is now making experiments with a view of putting this attachment to any ordinary chair now in use. In devising this telephone Mr. McKelvey has departed from the usual paths followed by inventors and has proceeded along new lines, employing a bipole nonmetallic diaphragm in the receiver, a compound induction coil, the tertiary coil of which is connected in series, and an amplifying magnet located immediately behind the diaphragm in the transmitter. This telephone has been successfully worked over 115 miles of telegraph wire with earth return, and it is believed that when further experiments are made a distance much greater than this can be successfully worked.—Electrical World.

He Unearthed a Lawsuit.

The inquisitiveness of a boy in Allentown the other day resulted in the finding of $600 and will cause a lawsuit. The personal estate of Silas Camp, a rich old bachelor, who died a month ago, was sold at auction. Among the goods disposed of was an old safe, which was knocked down for $3.50. The safe had been used by Camp, but after his death it was opened by his relatives, and everything of value was taken out, as they supposed. Before the purchasers had an opportunity to take it away, however, a small boy worked the combination and opened the door. While examining the interior he pulled out a private drawer, and out rolled a pile of goldpieces. When counted, they were found to amount to nearly $600. The money was taken in charge by Camp's brother under the protests of the new owners, who say they will bring suit for the gold.—Allentown (Pa.) Leader.

A Hayrack Ambulance.

A rather curious spectacle on Court street in Auburn recently was a hayrack containing a bed made up neatly. In the bed was a man, evidently an invalid; for he lay back weakly upon the pillows. A hat was upon his head, contrasting rather strangely with his surroundings. Beside the bed sat a lady and over him bent another carefully attending to his wants. This sickroom on wheels was part of a spring moving and will go on record as one of most novel loads of the season.—Lewiston Journal.

An Intermittent Well.

There is a spouting well on the place of William Deutsch, four miles south of Anacortes. The well is 112 feet deep and has only three feet of water in it, which cannot be lowered from its present depth. When the well begins to spout, it continues for several days at a time. It roars precisely like the Ohio gas wells and forces the water and spray several feet above the top of the well. Then for the same time it will cease to breathe and remain perfectly quiet.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Humiliated Athens.

The Greek capital is threatened with a humiliation which never could have been imposed upon ancient Athens. The city is apparently unable to pay its gas bill, amounting to 447,000 drachmas, and the company has notified the authorities that the gas will be cut off unless the bill is settled within a few days.—Paris Figaro.

Wearing of the Green.

A man wearing a $1 greenback note in place of a shamrock pinned on the lapel of his coat paraded North Broad street on St. Patrick's day and attracted considerable attention. At Filbert street he encountered some acquaintances, whom he asked into a nearby saloon, and taking the note from his breast they all drank to the memory of St Patrick. Pinning another greenback of the same denomination to the spot from which he had taken the first, he started out, presumably to meet more friends.—Philadelphia Record.

Last Month's Record.

William Johnson of Boston, who has taken weather observations at 5 a. m. every day for years, reports that the glass averaged at that hour 41½ degrees all last month, and that it was the warmest March within the 40 years he has been keeping a record.

Composing, says Dr. Mackenzie, England's generally accepted musical authority, is less remunerative in the British islands than in any other part of the world.

EXPERT IN EMBLEMS.

WISE IN THE MATTER OF FRATERNITY PINS AND BADGES.

A Bowery Man Who Makes These Things a Feature of His Pawnbroker's Sale Shop and Finds Them the Most Fascinating Incident of His Business.

On the Bowery not far from Broome street is a pawnbroker's sale shop, the proprietor of which makes a specialty of dealing in college fraternity pins and badges. You may examine every other pawnshop and sale store on the Bowery and find not more than five or six such emblems in all of them, but in this shop, occupying a conspicuous position in the show window, there is always a velvet covered tray on which a dozen or more pins of different secret societies are displayed. The place is getting to be known among college men, and people who have lost fraternity badges go there as the first step to finding them.

Every few weeks the proprietor of the place goes on a tour of the pawnshops looking for badges, and in his long experience he has picked up a fund of information about college fraternities that would put the average graduate to the blush. There is not much money in that particular branch, he says, but he has become interested in it and made it a sort of study. Not only does he know the emblems of every fraternity in this part of the country, but he is a perfect encyclopedia of information regarding their relative size, importance and the peculiar characteristics of each society and of the colleges in which each has its chapters. One would be certain that he himself is a college man but for certain peculiarities of speech that proclaim the east sider and his positive assertion that he has never been inside the doors of a college and has never even seen any but the local colleges from the outside.

A reporter in search of a lost badge which he thought might have found its way, as many lost articles do, into a Bowery pawnshop went into this store to look over the stock of fraternity pins. He didn't find his badge, but he found many others. The proprietor had some interesting things to tell about some of his pins.

"There ain't many things in this line that's fun," said he. "A man wouldn't go into it for his health. But this secret society pin business is mighty interestin. Of course you understand it's only a side lay—not my regular trade. How did I get into it? Why, the funny letters on the pins used to catch me when I was on the lookout for stuff in the hockshops, and I began pickin 'em up. Then I got interested more by an old gent from the University club that was up on that line and used to tell me things about the badges and their different organizations. He came into my shop one day to look at a badge. That's how I got to know him. He used to send me books and magazine articles on fraternities till I got to know as much about it as he did, and now I guess they ain't many college societies in this part of the country that I don't know enough about to surprise the members if I wanted to tell it.

"They ain't a college fraternity in the east but what I've handled one or more of its pins. I'm keepin tab on the hockshops all the while, and whenever I find a badge I nail it. Usually I get 'em cheap, for they ain't any demand for 'em to speak of. Occasionally a man brings in a pin to me, or I see one on a bum's coat and buy it, but it's mostly the pawnshops. How do I s'pose they get there? Well, most of 'em are lost, I think. I know enough about 'em to know that the last thing a college man'll hock is his society pin. When they do hock 'em, though, it's down here, and not up town, where they think other college fellows may go in and see 'em. They get mighty little on 'em, for the hockshop men are dead leary of things they don't understand. Of course the pin itself has a good deal to do with it. If it's heavily jeweled, a man may get half its value on it. Then pins that are a marked design hock well, because they sell well. The T pin of the Delta Psis, and the star and crescent of the Alpha Delta, and the crosses like the Alpha Tau Omega or Delta Phi will find a market easier than the plain monogram pins or the diamond shaped.

"Now, here's a pin," continued this erudite student of fraternities, taking a small, plain Psi Upsilon pin from the case, "that I've had here for 18 months, and not an offer for it. I got it in a queer way. I was in a hockshop down by Canal street showin the tag over a couple of badges that the proprietor had, when in came a young woman about 26 or 28 maybe and pretty, too, only she looked kind of half starved. She unpinned the pin from her dress and asked:

" 'How much will you loan me on this?'

"Her voice trembled, but she was game and kept a steady face. The man offered her $1, and she turned to go out, when I said I'd give her $3 for it.

" 'I don't want to sell it,' she said. 'I want to get it back some time.'

" 'Well, I'll keep it six months for you,' I told her and gave her my business card. She took the money, and she kissed the pin before she handed it to me. I never saw her again. There's nothin on the pin but her name."

The speaker handed the pin to the reporter, who looked on the back and saw engraved the one word "Lizzie." He returned the pin to its place, and it is probably there now if any Psi U wants to go Bowery hunting for it.—New York Sun.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITION.

Saving the Drops of Water That Washed the Priest Who Died Recently.

The latest event in the religious world is the death, funeral and cremation of the chiefest priest of the largest and most powerful Buddhist sect in Japan. The funeral was attended by many tens of thousands of people from all over Japan. The person of this priest is so very sacred, and anything that has come in contact with it so very precious in its merit and powerful in its efficacy to save, that every drop of the water that was used in washing the body after death was eagerly sought for and gratefully received by the priests and laymen alike.

Little bamboo joints were used as vials in which to receive and carry away the precious fluid. This water will be used as drops of saving elixir when the body of some believer is washed for its burial—as a few drops of the attar of roses might be used in a bath—and the one receiving this washing will be insured a safe and happy entrance into the Buddhist paradise.

Sad, sad, unspeakably sad, and yet millions of these people believe this to be true.—Correspondence Independent.

The German name for tram car is "pferd strasseneiwenbahnwagen." It looks formidable, but so would the English equivalent if written in one word in the German style—"horseroadrailwaycarriage."

WOOD PULP SILK.

Chardonet's Discovery Perfected and a Mill Started In France.

An experiment is being made at Besancon, in France, with a substitute for silk, which will be watched with interest. The invention, that of Count de Chardonnet, is to convert wood pulp into soft silken thread, durable, luminous and elastic. The "silk" threads produced from the wood pulp were first shown at the last Paris exhibition, when they enjoyed a good deal of attention among those interested in the silk industry. But the process was at that time far from complete, and many improvements had to be made before the invention could be regarded as a commercial success.

That point, in the opinion of Count de Chardonnet, has now been reached, and a mill has been built for the manufacture of goods from the new material. There are still some details in the process which must be improved before capitalists are likely to embark in the venture. One of the great difficulties, it appears, that has to be overcome is the snapping of the threads while they are being spun, owing to the unequal pressure which is exercised in forcing the wood pulp through an exceedingly small aperture, so as to convert it into thread. This is a defect, however, which the inventor is confident he will soon overcome. After the wood has been reduced to the consistency of pulp it is dried in an oven and then plunged into a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids, washed in several baths of water and dried by alcohol. The product is afterward dissolved in ether and pure alcohol, and the result is collodion similar to that used in photography.

This collodion, which is a sticky, viscous substance, is inclosed in a solid receptacle furnished with a filter at the lower end. An air pump sends compressed air into the receptacle, and by this pressure the collodion is forced through horizontally in the form of fine threads. As the thread is forced out it passes through a vessel filled with ether and alcohol, which solidifies the collodion and makes it elastic and as brilliant as silk. If the invention turns out as successfully as its inventor anticipates, it will be the beginning of a very important industry.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

MISS HATCH'S CURE.

She Thinks It Was Due to Supernatural Influence, but the Doctor Says Not.

Miss Mary Hatch, a young woman of excellent family, who lives with her mother at 1912 Hickory street, is rejoicing in her recent relief from a tumor which had made her miserable for seven years. She attributes her cure to the virtues of a relic of Mme Barat, a French religieuse of the Order of the Sacred Heart. Miss Hatch had taken medical treatment without benefit and had finally come to despair of cure by other than surgical means.

Some one advised her to apply to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart for a relic that might, with faith and prayer, help to sustain her through such an operation. She did so and was told that her cure by supernatural means was not impossible. She received from the mother superior a relic of Mme. Barat and a form of prayer and was directed to sew the relic into her dress and repeat the prayer at frequent intervals for a term of nine days.

On the sixth day of the novena Miss Hatch was relieved of the tumor without other than natural assistance and since then has been rapidly recovering strength. She was seen by a representative of The Post-Dispatch and talked enthusiastically of her cure, ascribing it entirely to the virtues of faith and prayer and the relic. Her mother and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart hold the same opinion as to the cause of the cure.

Dr. Robert J. O'Reilly, who gave Miss Hatch some attention at different times, said: "I believe I saw Miss Hatch four times and prescribed for her. But I had not seen her since June up to the time of her delivery of the tumor. I considered the tumor a simple fleshy growth that might pass off of itself if let alone, and I did not at any time consider the young woman's condition critical. I hesitated, however, to make a thorough examination for reasons that medical men will appreciate. You may put me down as saying that I do not think there was anything supernatural about this cure."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A ROMANCE IN IT.

An Interesting Contest In the Land Office, and the Young Woman Wins.

The final decision of the secretary of the interior in the land case of Francis L. Box and Jerry Dammon against Jessie M. Sinclair has been received. The case was tried in the local land office in 1891. The decision was in favor of Miss Sinclair. Box and Dammon appealed, and the commissioner of the general land office affirmed the decision of the local office Aug. 22, 1892. Both defeated parties again appealed to the secretary, who has now confirmed the commissioner's decision in favor of Miss Sinclair.

It is seldom there is a tinge of romance about a land office case. There is in this one. Miss Sinclair, whose home was at Durand, was a schoolteacher. Her affections had been gained by a worthy young man whose home is not far from the Sinclairs in Pepin county. Both were poor. She determined to do her part in giving herself and her future husband a start, and with this purpose she settled on the land in question, a portion of the famous water reserve territory. The land she gets is worth about $4,500, having valuable pine on it. The young lady's friends state the wedding will take place in the near future. Secretary Hoke Smith's decision has settled that.—Eau Claire (Wis.) Special.

J. G. B. and Royalty.

A gentleman just returned to London from the racing and other festivities at Cannes calls my attention to a social feature of the royal gayeties in the past fortnight which will be of special interest to Americans. One of the first acts of the Prince of Wales on his arrival at the Riviera was to make a personal call upon a private citizen of the United States. Two days later the prince invited him to lunch, an invitation which the American was unable to accept, because he himself was that day entertaining ex-Empress Eugenie, Grand Duke Michel and other royal guests. It is a fact well known in all courts and salons on the continent that no untitled individual in all Europe is so cordially welcomed in the most exclusive circles of royalty and aristocracy as this man. His name is James Gordon Bennett.—New York Sun's London Letter.

Rather Awkward.

The readiness with which French juries acquit husbands who take the lives of their wives' lovers leads sometimes to awkward mistakes by too hasty spouses. An unlucky glazier was repairing the window of the boudoir of a lady whom her husband suspected. The master of the house entered and caught sight of the man behind a curtain. He pulled a revolver without a word and fired at the glazier, who is now in the hospital badly wounded. The husband feels very foolish, but is willing to pay a big bill of damages.—Paris Letter.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

I am an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the last ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so simple a remedy will cure such a stubborn disease.—Henry Billings, U. S. Pension Att'y, Washington, D. C.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine that was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

Stop Coughing

Or it will end in consumption. The afflicted should resort at once to Stretch's Balsam Wild Cherry and Horehound, a sure remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis or any pulmonary disease. At all druggists—25 cents.

The Ways and Means Committee

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists.

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Miscellaneous



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At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, December 19th, 1893.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$513,914 91
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Stocks, securities etc	42,8[illegible] [illegible]
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2,699 12
Due from approved reserve agents	47,688 93
Checks and other cash items	1,985 17
Notes of other National Banks	1,850 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	96 06
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank viz	
Specie $32,08[illegible] 00	
Legal tender notes 25,220 00	57,300 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	4,500 00
Total	$717,672 81

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	92,220 00
Surplus fund	100,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	10,927 75
National Bank notes outstanding	29,200 00
Due to other National Banks	13,959 71
Dividends unpaid	38[illegible] 00
Individual deposits subject to check	461,584 95
Total	$717,672 81

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 21st day of December, 1893.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

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L. A. HEGUET,
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Miscellaneous

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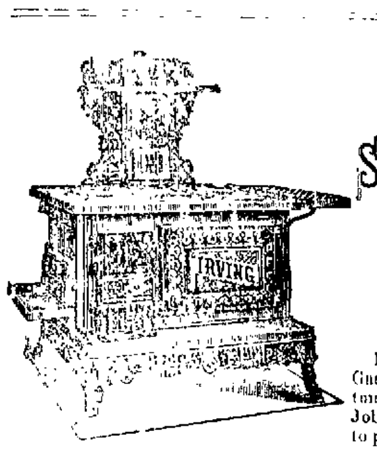
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MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

It was in the early summer when my love and I first parted.
She the seaside sought and left me in the city broken hearted.
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea kissed shore to wander.
But her last words gave me comfort, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary breeze lent me,
While she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."
I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, witching Lizzie.
Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at the seaside tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married.
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face grew yellow—
"'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'—fonder of the other fellow!"

—London Tit-Bits.

"FLIP."

It was midnight, and the temperature stood at 102 degrees F. in the upper room of a house in Limassol.

"Oh, dash it all, Villiers, that's the third time in the last 20 minutes! Finish ecarte for me tonight. Let's go onto the veranda. How hot it is, and how old Flip is snoring—quite apoplectic!"

The speaker threw down his hand and passed his fingers wearily through his tumbled hair. His opponent, Villiers, pushed back his hair, with a yawn, and started drumming the devil's tattoo on the table, while the sleeper snored more apoplectically than ever, and he who had watched the fall of the cards finished off his drink and shouted:

"Vasilli!"

"Sair!"

"Wake up, you child of a bondwoman, and bring me a large brandy and soda, with plenty of snow in it—the cleanest you can get—d'you hear?"

"Or-right, sair."

The sleeper muttered in his dreams.

"Poor old Flip—dreaming, always dreaming of that heartless Jezebel," said Villiers as the trio moved out on the veranda.

Then spake he who had called for drink and whose name was Jones—plain Jones—and said:

"I have never quite got to the bottom of that affair. Old Flip only spoke to me on the subject, and that very sketchily, as we were riding through the pass to Cophino. Do you know the rights of the matter, Fidus Achates?"

"Oh, yes," answered Villiers.

"Then tell us the story."

"Wait till the drink comes and you've stopped your mouth with another cigar, and then I will, though it's too hot almost to parley."

As he spoke he threw himself into an easy chair, an example which was speedily followed by his companions.

Presently the Greek serving boy reappeared with the iced fluid. He did not immediately retire, and on Villiers angrily asking him what he was waiting for he replied hesitatingly in his broken pigeon English:

"Kalitsa gunia, signor, comey to me and say, 'Inglese signor, Harvey, being here?' Me say, 'Yes.' Signora say, 'Go telly me, signora, Inglese signora, wanty see—savey?' Me say, 'Or-right,' and go plenty quick bring soda water. Me coming back presently after by'm'-by, plenty quick me coming—finish signora!"

"Oh, get along! You've been drinking too much vino, you scoundrel!"

"No, me no drinky vino. Me"——

"Oxo!" snapped Villiers, and the Greek withdrew.

As he passed through the adjoining room the sleeper moved uneasily and muttered a woman's name.

"You heard that?" inquired the teller of tales. "Well, that's the keynote. As far as I remember it was eight years ago and during Ascot week that the trouble began. Flip had been just three months engaged to Lily Fane—ever met the Fanes of Ridley Manor?—and they were to be married in the autumn. Flip—you'd hardly know him now for the ardent, impulsive old fool he was then—worshiped the very ground she trod upon, while she was nothing but a heartless, grasping, scheming"——

"Steady over the stones," drawled the hope of all the Joneses.

Then Villiers, with a short laugh:

"Rather a waste of words perhaps where one would suffice. She was a woman, and can any good thing come from a woman?

"Well, to the point. For a mere caprice, arising from an arrogant bet that she could do with Flip as she liked, and you know old Flip's a pretty hard nut to crack, she told him after lunch on the cup day that he must go abroad at the end of the week and not return until a week before their wedding, which was to take place, I believe, on Nov. 13. Of course he took it as a joke, but that night she again repeated her extravagant demand, saying she was really in earnest; that some one had doubted if his love for her would carry him such lengths at her expressed desire.

"Did he fly into a furious passion, as would you or I or any sane man? Not a bit. Like the infatuated fool he was, he said it was very hard, but that if she really wished such extraordinary proof of the affection she should never doubt, and so on. The long and short of it was the end of the week saw him at Monte Carlo. Of course he went in for a little 'flutter,' just for something to do. Equally, of course, he won. He tried again, and again he won. Then the fever took him, and he played.

"He was very comfortably off and so had no excuse for plunging as he did, and if it hadn't been for that accursed girl he might have been a happy, prosperous country gentleman today instead of a wreck in the government service on a miserable pittance of £250 a year in this benighted island.

"Well, one unlucky night the crash came. I should be sorry to say how many thousands melted like snow at one fell swoop. He was ruined—absolutely ruined. He had to sell every stick he possessed, and that done he wrote to his girl and offered her her freedom.

"I suppose from a worldly point of view he was right, and she was right; but, considering all the circumstances, she need not have displayed such alacrity in throwing him over. People say it was at the instigation of her family. At any rate, she married shortly afterward a parvenu with heaps of coin, but if report says true she has lived to regret her folly and her wickedness—I can call it by no other name.

"Well, through the influence of a friend Flip got a billet out here, and here I met him on my arrival, to my intense astonishment. Of course I had heard the outline of his story, but till he told me all I was really ignorant of the details leading to his unhappy smash. Until our meeting here we had not seen each other since the old Oxford days, when we had been fast friends, though he was an exquisite of the 'house' while I was a member of the studious Balliol. Eia, we have both of us changed a deal since then!"

The speaker ceased.

"The devil!" suddenly exclaimed Jones, starting forward and peering over the balcony.

No one noticed the noiseless approach of Flip from the inner room.

"What's up?" drawled Villiers.

"A woman in black just left the doorway and is crossing the street."

"Pooh, sit down! The heat's been too much for your never too strong working brain."

"There! She's standing at the corner and looking up at us—Vasilli!"

"Sair."

"Who just left the house?"

"Me no savvy, sair."

A wave of hot air suddenly swept with a hollow sound through the room, like a breath from the angel of death, then all was doubly still.

"Good heavens! Lil!" gasped Harvey, who had now glided to the front and looked over the balcony.

Before any one could say a word he was off, down the stairs and out of the house like a madman.

The dark figure at the street corner seemed to be beckoning.

"Whew!" whistled Villiers.

Again that stifling blast of air swept over Limassol. It was followed this time by a rumble like the faroff roll of heavy artillery. The grumble swelled to a roar; the balcony seemed to shiver; the house swayed like a ship in a storm and then became steady, just as a deafening crash of falling masonry roused the still night into hideous wakefulness. Weird figures flitted here and there in every dishabille, shrieks of terror mingled with cries of anguish, all was wildest confusion.

The first shock of surprise over, Villiers and his companions rushed down and out into the street, the far corner of which was one vast debris.

Fallen houses blocked the roadway, and here and there moans issued from under masses of timber and masonry. As well as they could Villiers and his friend allayed the panic and organized a species of relief party to clear the wreckage caused by the severe shock of earthquake, for this it was, and free the wounded and separate the dead.

Among the latter just as the day was breaking they lit on the mangled remains of their late comrade, Flip Harvey. But hunt as they would they could discover no sign of the veiled stranger.

* * * * * * *

Months afterward when we had all gone our different ways and I was filling another post in Madeira, I received a letter from Jones inclosing the following newspaper clipping:

About 2 a. m. on the morning of Aug. 7, 187—, the private yacht Marie, belonging to Sir Henry Winter, was driven by a squall of wind onto a sunken rock while running among the Ionian islands. She is supposed to have foundered immediately, and so far no trace of her crew has been discovered. We regret to add that Lady Winter was on board.

It was close on that hour when the earthquake shock was so disastrously felt at Limassol, and Lady Winter had been Miss Lily Fane!

I have altered the names in this strange story, but for the rest—well, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The remembrance of these remarkable incidents has caused me many a sleepless hour, and I confess my inability to explain them. Let those who may chance to read the story explain it if they can.—London World.

A Stupid Burglar.

"As an example of stupidity you could find none better than the manner in which my house was robbed," said an east ender. "When the servants got up, they found all over the house mud tracks, which were remarkable for the size of the foot that made them. They were made by a shoe not smaller than No. 13. Upon trying the dining room door it was found to be locked. After a little searching we found a key to open it. Upon the table were thrown a suit of clothes and a shirt which had evidently been brought from one of the up stairs rooms. Here the fellow had risked going up stairs, had taken a suit of clothes which was new and worth about $50 and a shirt, then went down to the dining room and locked himself in while he examined his plunder. Now comes the most stupid part. He tore the cuff bands off a $2.50 shirt to get a pair of collar buttons worth almost nothing, evidently not being able to comprehend that he could remove them more easily by unfastening them. Then he took from the vest pocket a cheap watch, which only kept the time you used in keeping it set, and left the suit, which would have been of use to him. He then left through the window. If I hadn't seen the marks of the feet, I would have thought it the work of a monkey instead of a man."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

She Was Dyspeptic.

A rather sallow looking woman, well dressed and refined, was at a table in company with another lady, somewhat her junior in years.

"What do you want?" said the maid.

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes it seems like I had dyspepsy. And I've done everything for it. Drank hot water in the morning and lived on milk diet exclusively for a month. Then I tried the raw beef system and took enough medicine to float a steamboat in. Didn't do me no good, and I just quit thinking about myself and said if I was sick I was sick, and I'd just give my stomach something to think about. So I quit fooling, and now I just eat anything I please or want. Well, just order me a chicken salad, a piece of hot mince pie and a cup of chocolate with whipped cream. They won't hurt me any more than crackers, beef tea or toast. If my stomach doesn't last long, it will enjoy itself while it does last."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Rare Pelt Is the Blue Fox.

In Siberia the skin of the blue fox, or isatis, is highly prized, and the first prize for the horse races of the Anadyr is a fine pelt. According to M. Langkavel, the blue fox still inhabits the Lapland part of Scandinavia, the islands of the White sea, parts of northern Russia, the coasts of Siberia, the new Siberian islands and in America the Aleutian islands, Atton, Oonalaska—the Fox islands—Alaska, the Commander islands, the Mackenzie river district, Labrador and Newfoundland. The blue fox is a variety of the white fox, so rare that of 100 white fox skins only four or five will have the bluish or cloudy tinge.—London Globe.

Temporary Change of Lodgings.

At Monte Carlo a gambler had won the maximum at rouge et noir three times in succession.

"There's a fellow running off with a splendid haul of bank notes!" said a spectator.

"Oh," carelessly interjected the croupier, "that makes no difference to the bank. It is merely a bit of our money sleeping out for the night!"—Paris Petit Niçois.

LOVE.

Deep in the moving depths
Of yellow wine
I swore I'd drown your face,
Oh, love of mine!
All clad in yellow hue,
So fair to see,
You crouched within my cup
And laughed at me.

Twice o'er a learned page
I turned and tossed,
For I could not forget
The love I lost.
All stern and robed in gloom,
You read it too.
I could not see the words—
Saw only you.

Within the hungry chase
I thought to kill
You, love, who haunted thus
Without my will,
But in the gentle gaze
Of fawn and deer
Your eyes disarmed my hand
And shook my spear.

Beneath a maid's dark lash
I swore you'd drown—
Sink in the laughing blue,
Give in, go down.
But, no! While bathing there
Right joyously,
Out from her liquid eyes
You laughed at me.

—Dora Sigerson in London Sun.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

It was Kitty who first suggested to me that our prescription was not working well. As soon as she spoke I was bound to admit it. I had thought that Jack would easily get over his unfortunate attachment. I expected that after a few quiet weeks with us he would forget Clara Wilkinson and her disgraceful treatment of him. She was, in my opinion, a worthless girl, and I grieved to see him take the affair so seriously. And just at first he had appeared to rally. He had become more cheerful and more ready for society. I said as much to Kitty, but she pointed out that there had been a relapse. In fact, she was emphatic on the question.

"He's getting no good here at all," she said most positively. "Really, in his own interest, I must ask you to send him away."

"The girl has spoiled his life!" I cried angrily. Kitty looked at me for a moment, but said nothing.

"I suppose you're right," I went on. "He would be better in a livelier place."

"Of course he would, you dear old stupid," said Kitty.

I did not see that I had been stupid.

"There is nothing to distract his thoughts here," I said.

"You will speak to him then?" asked Kitty. She was decidedly in earnest about it.

"A woman does these things so delicately and tactfully," I suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, Robert," said Kitty, blushing. I admired her delicacy.

He was walking up and down the gravel walk, hitting at my flowers—of which I am rather proud—with his stick and smoking one of my cigars—I'm a judge of cigars—at a ruinous pace. When I joined him and linked my arm through his, he started.

"Jack," said I, "wouldn't you be better away from here? Come, you know what I mean. You're no great hand at a secret."

"I—I"— he began, stammering and in great confusion.

"I know all about it," said I encouragingly. "I thought you'd get good out of the place, but it's clear you haven't—quite the contrary. You want to see new things and new people and forget this"—I paused for a word and ended—"this unhappy mistake of yours."

"Upon my honor, you are a good fellow," he exclaimed. "I don't know another man who would have treated me as you have." And he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Oh, nonsense. It's nothing. I hope I'm always ready to do my friends a turn. But it's no use, is it? It gets worse and worse."

"I'll go," he said, with a sigh. "I won't stay a minute. After what you say I couldn't. And, old man, I don't know how to thank you. Many fellows would have taken the way I've been going on badly—most would"——

"Oh, we made allowance for you. Young men mustn't be judged too harshly."

"But you're a true friend. It makes me feel pretty bad, I can tell you, Bob."

"Oh, you'll soon forget it when you're on the move."

"I'll try. By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed earnestly.

"Do—it only needs a little resolution. Because between ourselves, you know, you oughtn't to be inconsolable."

"Eh?"

"In my opinion, Jack, you've had an escape, and you can take my word for it. Remember I know the lady pretty well." In fact, I'd met Clara Wilkinson a hundred times and had a perfectly definite opinion about her.

"Oh, you mustn't say a word against her," he protested. "She's been all that's good and kind and"——

"Of course you say that," I interrupted impatiently. "I suppose you're bound to, but it won't go down with me. If ever there was a heartless, worthless jade"——

"Bob!" he cried, starting away from me, but I was determined he should hear the truth.

"If ever a woman," I pursued, "led a young fellow on deliberately, wickedly, never meaning anything except to get him in her toils and then turn him adrift with a laugh—that's what she meant with you. Oh, I know her—no one better!"

The unhappy young man turned pale, and his lips trembled.

"Now you know the truth about her, and I hope you'll proceed to put her image out of your heart," I concluded.

"I'd have staked my life on her!" he murmured. "She—she seemed so different. Bob, I couldn't help it. She never"——

"You were only the victim," I interrupted, patting his shoulder.

"I—I shall go at once. I can't stay here. This revelation—you are telling me the truth, Bob?"

"Honestly, to the best of my knowledge," I answered firmly.

"How awful!" said he.

"Surprised, are you? Why, any of the fellows at the club could have told you the same thing."

"Awful!" he murmured, gazing at me.

"Come, come," said I, "it's possible to make too much of such a trouble as this. When one's eyes are once opened"— And I ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

Suddenly he held out his hand.

"Shake hands, old man," he said.

I shook hands. The poor fellow was a good deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold.

"I shall go straight," he repeated.

"Well, tomorrow morning will do."

"No. Tonight—the next train. And you—you must stay here?"

"Of course I stay here," I answered, staring in my turn.

He sighed heavily.

"It's bad for me, old chap," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder; "but, by Jove, what must it be for you?"

"For me?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"That woman!" he gasped. "And how you keep it up! One would think to see you—well, well, it's brave. It would kill me in a month. It's brave, that's what it is!"

"What in the world are you talking about? I haven't spoken to her for three years."

"Except before strangers? Good heavens!"

"Not at all. I haven't"——

"Hush—here she comes! I—I can't meet her!"

"She here? Bosh!"

I turned round—and beheld my wife! With a gasp, I fell back a step. Jack tore past Kitty and vanished through the open windows of the drawing room.

"Well, was he reasonable?" asked Kitty.

I could say nothing.

"I hope you were gentle with him, Bob. He's a nice boy, though he's a particularly silly one. He meant no harm, Bob."

"Was—was—was he"—I stammered. "What the dickens does it mean?"

"Only," said Kitty, coming close up to me, "that he's quite forgotten Clara Wilkinson, and"——

"Well?"

"That you've got rather a nice wife, Bob," she whispered. "Did you say anything about me, Bob?"

I looked at her for a moment.

"Heavens!" I cried and rushed into the house. That young man would go and tell all the club that my wife and I—oh, Lord!

"Jack, Jack, Jack, you young fool!" I yelled.

The butler appeared.

"Mr. Vincent, sir, has just jumped into the dogcart, sir—it was at the door by your orders—and driven off like mad. He said he was summoned to town, sir."

I sank down in a chair. Presently Kitty came in. She was laughing.

"Oh, dear," she said, "and I thought you were so nice and considerate in pretending not to see it!" And the silly little woman went off into a fit of giggling.

Then I told her the opinion of her and of our domestic happiness which Jack Vincent was carrying away with him. That sobered her, and we began to send telegrams. But the young ruffian—he may break his heart next time, and welcome—had gone straight to the club.

When I go there now, they ask me sympathetically if matters are "any better." I know what they mean.—Black and White.

Christmas In Calcutta.

The sun shines gloriously overhead, the sky is a pale, cloudless blue, and the foliage around us shows every shade and tint from brown to scarlet, from the palest to the deepest green. We saunter along the grass under the trees beside the avenue and find a quiet spot, with a pool of clear water haunted by swans, before us. The ground is carpeted with soft grass and shaded with trees. On one side, 300 yards away, is a bank of shrubs with the most gorgeous variety of coloring from mauve and lilac to crimson red; on the other three, cool, restful green leaves. On such a Christmas morning it is good to be alive.

Let us think of it as we shiver over our fires in England. We spread our rugs and coats on the ground and lie down and smoke lazily. Presently the Khidmutgars arrive with hampers. We do not move, for in India we have not that irrational and idiotic notion that a picnic is no picnic unless you wait upon yourselves, lay your own lunch and burn your own fingers over your kettle. The lunch is admirable—from the solids to the fruit, from the drinks to the ice. Nothing has been forgotten, for once a Khidmutgar has been taught a thing he may be relied upon to do it again with absolute exactitude on a similar occasion till the crack of doom unless he is idiotic.

A picnic is a complete rest, with nothing to do save to be still and enjoy. No one even talks unless the spirit moves him. For the most part we sit quiet, drinking in the beauty of the scene. The servants pass silently to and fro, handing dishes, which are accepted or rejected as silently. It is waste of energy to speak. The cool breeze fans us gently. There are no mosquitoes. All is peace. Last of all come the coffee and the cigars.—Saturday Review.

Genius Appreciated.

"Look here," said the editor to the detective, "some fellow has been running round the country representing himself as a debt collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as you can."

"All right, sir. I'll have him in prison in less than a week."

"Great Cæsar, man! I don't want him put in prison. I want to employ him."—Brooklyn Life.

Hard Lines for the Marquis.

That interesting member of the British aristocracy, the Marquis of Ailesbury, will be adjudged a bankrupt if within a month he does not pay $1,250,000 due to creditors above certain doubtful assets. The marquis has been gallantly endeavoring to prevent this consummation since 1890, when bankruptcy proceedings were first commenced against him, and the delay secured is a rare tribute to his cunning or that of his lawyers. His lordship's chief lament is that he is married, and therefore unable to wed an heiress. He has no doubt of his personal attractions or of the commercial value of his title. Yet these splendid assets are unrealizable because, years ago, when he was young and had plenty of money, he married Dolly Tester out of a music hall at Brighton.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Lively Bidding For an Heirloom.

The sum of $1,370 is rather a high price to pay for a turkey dish, yet this is the figure at which one was knocked down to a purchaser in Penn township at the sale of personal property of Levi Geiss. The dish is a rare old piece of chinaware, beautifully ornamented, and was purchased 20 years ago at a sale by Mr. Geiss for $2.50. Each of his children expressed a desire to have it, and as they could reach no agreement as to who should be the owner they decided to put it up at the sale of the other household effects. It was started at $10 and run up rapidly at $20 a jump until it was awarded to the youngest son—Peter—at $1,370.—Reading (Pa.) Dispatch.

What They Thought of Childs.

A press clipping bureau has just completed a collection of 3,500 newspaper comments on the life and works of G. W. Childs. The two volumes in which they have been carefully and chronologically pasted are beautifully bound in black morocco. Among all the clippings there was only one that made an unkind remark regarding Mr. Childs.

And Well Done.

The cry of "Well! man" will be heard when the latest expedition reaches the north pole.—Newport News.

MEMORIES OF A FORMER LIFE.

Stories That Seem to Support the Theory of Reincarnation.

"I have a number of friends who have a shadowy recollection of a previous existence upon the earth," said a theosophist, supporting the doctrine of reincarnation.

"You doubtless have also had experiences with an indefinable vague remembrance of something, or somebody came to you, which puzzled you and made you say, 'I'm sure I've seen that before.' Yet you may know positively that as far as this present existence is concerned it was impossible for you to have received even an idea of the place or person. I have often met people with whom I became intimate at first sight. It seems, as I have often told them, that I had known them for years. It was only the other evening that I met a lady from San Francisco whose face had been in my mind for years. As soon as we met there seemed to be something that drew us together. We were as old friends.

"The most remarkable instance I ever heard is that of the daughter of Isaac Fulton. Twelve years ago he resided in Effingham county, Ills. While there he buried a daughter named Maria, who was taken away just as she was budding into womanhood. About a year later he removed to Dakota, where he still resides. About three years after his daughter's death he was blessed with another little girl, who was christened Nellie, it being the favorite name of his wife. When the little one became old enough to talk, she persisted in calling herself Maria. She became quite angry when told her name was Nellie. She said the name belonged to her, as her parents used to call her Maria. A matter of business took Mr. Fulton back to Effingham county, and for company he took Nellie along. The father was surprised at the intuitive knowledge the girl had of the place. She not only recognized the old home, but many people she had never seen whom the first daughter had been acquainted with. About a mile from the home was a schoolhouse where Maria had gone to school. Little Nellie had never seen the place, yet she gave an accurate description of it to her father and expressed a strong desire to visit it. Accordingly her father took her out to the schoolhouse. As soon as she was inside she marched straight up to the desk her sister had occupied and said, 'This is mine.' In telling the story Mr. Fulton said that it seemed as if the dead had come back from the grave, but her mother would not have it so. She says, if that is true, she had but one child, and God gave her two."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Safety Stepladders.

An English invention aims to provide security against liability to accident from the slipping of ladders. The remedy in this case is the introduction of a novel form of shoe suitably attached. It consists of a bracket which can be securely bolted to each side of the ladder, formed at its lower edge with a lug through which a hole is bored, a shoe being loosely jointed to this by means of a pin passing through it and the lug connection being so free that the shoe can easily swing. To the under side of the shoe a corrugated pad of rubber is fixed. The effect of this arrangement is that in whatever position the ladder is fixed there is always a grip upon the ground which prevents slipping, the freedom of the shoe enabling a ladder to be placed almost horizontally without incurring the least liability of slipping. When desired, shoes can be applied to the upper ends of a ladder, thus preventing any damage to the walls or the ornamental work.—New York Sun.

A Shade Too Yielding.

Binks—Why so gloomy?

Jinks—My wife let me have the last word in an argument this morning.

"What of that?"

"That shows that she is going to do as she pleases anyhow."—New York Weekly.

77

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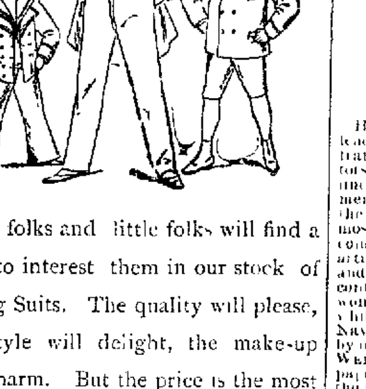
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Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Lawrence Alma Tadema, George A. Hibbard, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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